THE chieftain trod a weary track, His red-browed people at his back, Driven from his realm and wattled bower, Before his pale face'd brother's power, Through Southern glades still wandering wide, The pole star on the cloud his guide; At evening's hush, with hollow sound, He struck his tent pole in the ground, And bowing low his plume-crowned head, Spoke the Great Spirit's name, and said,

A wayward youth, with eye of fire, Roamed here, roamed there, in wild desire; Exploring, bent his eager lip To every joy that worldlings sip, Until-a cheerful hearth beside-I saw him, with his pure souled bride; Fresh wreaths of home-born joys she wove, In full requital of his love; And as she raised her trusting eye, I heard his grateful spirit sigh, Alabama.

The man who bartered all for gold Toiled on his way, through cares untold,-Insatiate still, with might and main, He taxed his hands and taxed his brain-O'er his worn brow new wrinkles broke, The life of life went out in smoke, His keart to pity beat no more, Locked in the hoard that hid his ore, Age on his temples wrote decay,-Yet still he said not-night or day,

Great Author of this deathless mind ! If here on earth we fail to find, On this dim planet's tossing breast, The envied born of perfect rest, Make clearer to our searching eye The anchored Hope that cannot die; The unswerving Fairh that may not fall; The Charity, that conquereth all; And clinging there, though billows roll,-Teach the sweet motto to our soul, Alabama. L H B

THE FINE ARTS.

Bartford, Conn. March, 1851.

The National Academy of Design.

The exhibition is so rich in landscapes that our critical notices naturally begin with them, and we shall say all that we have to say upon this department before proceeding to that of figures.

Mr. DURAND, the President, has nine works spon the walls. Of these it strikes us that No. 79, "a Landscape," in the second gallery, is the most characteristic and the most satisfactory, although undoubtedly it is not the one upon which he has labored most. But it has in sentiment that sweet tranquility, and in treatment that maturity and grace of manner, not without feebleness, that always mark this artist. Mr. DURAND finds his parallel in poetry, in the descriptive, pastoral school. He ranks with Thomson and Bloomfield, with the poets who have a deep and just feeling of the commonest aspects of Nature, and a faculty of expression whose character indicates the kind of satisfaction it expresses. It is an objective school, as the Germans would say-that is, a school which is content with the portrait of Nature, and does not care to penetrate its spirit. Hence there comes to be no individual character in its works-They are pleasing transcripts of natural scenes, as such. The artist of this school has not seized Nature and wielded it as a symbol to express his own meaning, but what we all consciously see and feel in Nature be puts into graceful form. His pictures do not smite us with the suspicion of something yet unapprehended by us, folded in the massive foliage, or gliding along the haunted horindscape suggest to the man escaped from cities-

But Nature no less inspires than consoles. She tempts every man in the degree of his genius to woo her profoundest secret, and in the degree of his genius he wins it. Thus Turner uses Nature ss a means. In his famous picture of the Locomotive and Train at full speed upon the Great Western Railway-it is not that scene which he primarily wishes to show us, but that, only as the indication of something deeper, and to make us feel and see, in contemplating his picture, all that the artist saw and felt in contemplating the scene. So in that remarkable picture of the casting of Wellington's statue. For the first moment the eye is simply dazzled. There seems to be a whirlpool only of fire: And no wonder at the dazzle and surprise, and no wonder at the profound and astonished satisfaction that ensues-for into that furnace the artist has thrust the Orient, and India, and Spain, and the long line of brilliant victories, that flash along Wellington's career. The artist thereby proves that he is an artist, in revealing to the friends of Wellington the real significance of the statue they had erected. In Turner's picture we are made to see all that occasioned the erection of the

statue This illustrates the character of the demand naturally made by the mind upon the artist. It is to show us the significance of what we see in Nature. The artist stands by my side and looks over the same landscape or into the same face, and then reveals to me all the character of which I was unconscious. It is this alone that redeems his creation from the charge of mere imitation, by which we mean, a mere superficial resemblance. In the last rigid analysis, of course, all art is resolved into imitation, because all types exist originally in Nature. But the highest art is the vision of those types and the ability to make all men see them. This truth can be very clearly illustrated in Poetry. Walking in a June sunset, after a thunder shower, every susceptible man is conscious of a singular glow of feeling in the exceeding beauty of the moment. But the emotion is very vague. He perceives only that he has some kind of feeling, which gradually reels away into revery, leaving a sadness quite as much because he could not fix the feeling, as because it was essentially mournful. Now to all such men, who are of the poetically sensitive nature, he will be the poet who most fully shows them what they saw and felt; and this special service is done for them, as one instance, in the Sith poem of Tenuyson's "In Memoriam," to which we refer the reader, beginning "Sweet after showers, ambrosial sir,"-

This kind of success is achieved by Turner and also by Claude-whose finest pictures are the expression of that peculiar spirit of Italian life and climate which every poetic person perceives in

Of course, in such remarks, we do not mean strictly to compare poetical descriptions with paintings, nor do we forget that every landscapist has the same theme to treat and the same material to treat it with. You may say that if the ar. tist truly paints what he sees in Nature the same result must be necessarily produced upon the mind. That in portrait painting, also, if the out. line of the face is justly drawn and the various

tints are accurately adjusted, the spectator must necessarily icel as well as see, the likeness, although it was done by no Poet and by means of the most mechanical imitation. This would be indisputable if looking were seeing. But certainly no man ever strolled through the woods or across the fields with an artist, without discovering that having eyes he saw not, and without meditating anew the striking story of Turner's remark to an anxious lady who surveyed the scene he was painting, and who ventured to say-" But Mr. Turner, I don't see all that in Nature"-'Madam, don't you wish you could?" It is evident that no man can paint a proper portrait until he understands the person's character he is paint-

We have rather wandered away from his Excellency's pictures -But it was, perhaps, as well to indicate what we meant by saying that he painted the appearance rather than the spirit of Nature,-that he and his school, both in poetry and painting, are rather used by Nature than use it. They are pleased with the repose of a wood, with the contemplative cattle that quietly graze along its sunny edges or lie drowsily winking in the shade. They "pore upon the brook that babbles by"-and musily dream in soothed and aimless reverie-while the alow sunlight shifts along the wood-paths, and the tinkle of the returning kine sounds the homely dirgs of day. In the same way and moved by the same spirit, they love simple rocks and trees for their own sake. We shall find proofs of this upon the Ac ademy's walls. Simple studies are almost as dear and beautiful to them as pictures. Indeed their pictures are often only elaborated studies. They are soothed rather than stimulated by Nature. If they paint Autumn rural scenes we see the rainbow reaches of folisge, the busking, the golden corn, the buxom girls, the brawny boys-we hear the creaking wain, the measured flail-but we do not see the "spirit that haunts the year's last hours," nor hear the flail.

For the Summer overhoods

These, however, are what we do want to hear and see in the picture. The artist, if he have an artistic vocation, has a finer car and a finer eyelying behind his finer hand, and giving the profound and permanent value to the works of that hand. He must use his skill to show us what no skill of ours could show. Were the forms and lines that lie under our eyes never so gracefully rendered upon his canvas, they could only serve as memoranda to the memory-and the instinct of every man who has any thought at all about the matter, assures him that the fine work of art whether statue, or song, or picture, is something larger and lovelier than that.

This austerest demand of Art only a few men in history bave ever satisfied; and the various schools of artists have been, as it were, the long and lessening shadows of the great leaders. Ar tists speculate, and wonder, and experiment, as if the triumph of Art could be attained by sci. ence. Titian's color is analyzed and disputed and despaired of, as if all Titian's knowledge or the value of pigments would cuable a man to paint a good picture. It is a tendency toward the merest materialism, and you could as soon write poems because you had a dictionary of rhymes, as paint well because you had mastered the palette. The artist must, first of all, see, or he can never make

It will be evident from this strain of remark. that we consider what may be called the Idealists in Art superior to the Realists-using the words, however, not absolutely, but simply to indicate the two classes, and meaning by the first, those who are gifted with the vision as well as the faculty, divine, and by the last, those who, with the same human vision, as ourselves, have also the faculty of agreeably recalling the familiar landscape. Of this latter class, the English school zon of the moor. The pictures of this school are of which Mr. DURAND is a most faithful dis sunny and soft. We like to hang them upon the ciple, is a fair exponent, and has hitherto restwalls in rooms where we live. There they breathe | cd content in that success. The same fact is the same consolation and refreshment over the observable in the history of English poetrytedium of the day that the original scenes in the | But Turner will undoubtedly exercise the sam upon its Poetry. Among ourselves, the late Mr.
Cole may be mentioned as an Idealist in Landscape Art, for nothing cambe more unjust than the supposition that the Imagination has little to do with landscape painting. The artist, like the poet, must see with his imagination if he would selice.

In the most loyal citizen knew not but there were conspirators under his own roof. He might were for a suppose the most loyal citizen knew not but there were conspirators under his own roof. He might were for a suppose the most loyal citizen knew not but there were conspirators under his own roof. He might were loss. The next day he marched to attach the most loyal citizen knew not but there were conspirators and the most loyal citizen knew not but the most loyal citizen knew not but the most loyal citizen knew not but the m achieve an universal success. What was called the poetry of Mr. Cole's pictures was their sweetest secret, and occasioned directly the spec tator s antisfaction.

Mr. DURAND, on the other hand, is a Roalistusing the word as already qualified. In all his works we have the same clinging, unquestioning, satisfied love of Nature-of her forms, of her detail, of her general quiet effects. It is always Summer, always silence upon his canvas. His pictures breathe peace. We are leiterers along glades and listeners to waterfal's. Broad meadows dotted with cattle, groups of heavily-foliaged trees, rippling or smooth-flowing streams, a leaf-hidden spire, a range of graceful highlands, whose outline swims away into a dreamy hazethese are the forms he loves. He is a close student of American nature, but the landscape of his pictures has usually the English air of cultivated repose. This is observable in Nos. 79 and 403 and in No. 183, "The two Oaks." No. 31, again, is entirely American. This style of sentiment in the contemplation of Nature engenders, however, two faults in handling-weakness and excess of detail. The very tenderness of the perception of the scene stays the artist's hand, lest he should be partial in his power and sacrifice one point to another. But this very love of all points and fear of partiality, drives him into detail, into a carefulness of finish, that shows the same resulta want of broad vigor, which, however, the leveliest landscape in nature always has .-This care of detail, again, indicates the faithful student. Whether no man can properly paint an oak tree until he has mastered Botany, as subtle critics say, may be yet a ques tion, although we should be very sorry should any reader suppose we advocated anything less than the most diligent study of Nature and the resources of Art. This is peculiarly the praise of Mr. DURAND, that his water is water, and his trees are trees. No. 183, "The Two Oaks," shows how faithfully his hand waits upon his eye, although this picture is only a study. No. "Kasterskill Clove," shows the same thing-the broken rock and debris of trees upon the left are much the most effective group of the picture. The trees seem rather hard and raw and there is a want of delicate aerial perspective. The hills behind are too hard, and the whole picture, although showing much and careful study, is certainly less pleasing than No. 100, "The Morning Ride." Perhaps it is a fair fault of No. 31 alsothat, banging upon the walls of the Exhibition it is too much a mere study, and more properly placed in the artist's studio. It has some of the material of a fine picture, but hardly sustains a larger claim. In fact, in a fine picture the spectator does not wish to admire parts and details,

and the character of a study should not appear

in the finished work, while all the observation

and knowledge of the study should be wrought

into it. Nos. 299 and 304, "Studies from Nature,

are good as studies, but too much mannered. No

simple study can greatly please the general

spectator unless there is such extreme beauty in the subject and ability in the treatment that he instantly perceives the poetic feeling that selected the poetic bit from all the wilderness of mountain, field and stream. Mr. KESSETT's Nos. 186 and 202 are signal successes in this kind. They represent simple groups of mossy rocks, but they

rise to the dignity of beautiful pictures.

We must not prolong this article further. Mr. Durand is now undoubtedly in the prime of his power and at the maturity of his manner. For some seasons his works have been of a uniform quality and degree of excellence, and the character of his pictures indicates the character of his fu ture fame. In our next we shall proceed with the works of the other landscaplats who in this exhibition have done so much kenner to them-selves and to American Art. a. w. c.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE IRISH CONFEDERATES, AND THE REBEL LION OF 1788. By HENRY M. F'ELD. 12000. pp. 500 Harper and Brothers.

A connected narrative of the struggles for Irish Freedom towards the close of the last century must abound with incidents of no ordinary interest, and present an attractive study not only to the descendants of the gallant patriots of that day, but to all whose sympathics with man lead them to glow with indignant scorn at the outrages of tyranny. The author of this volume has engaged with a glowing enthusiasm in the composition of his work,-attracted to the subject by a personal visit to Ireland, and an intimate acquaintance with the families of the exiles in New York,-he has sought out the various sources of information with the diligence of an antiquarian, and has woven up the result of his labors into a narrative of remarkable simplicity, earnestness, and pathos.

The volume is introduced with a rapid sketch of the history of Ireland, which, as the author cor. rectly remarks, is known only to a limited extent. The border wars between England and Scotland have employed the pens of historians and poets, while the far more determined resistance of the Irish to their conquerors fills but a narrow space in the sonals of Great Britain. Glancing at the causes of the enmity between Ireland and Eng. land, and the commencement of the struggle for independence, the author proceeds to give an extended biographical portraiture of the leaders of the great rebellion, which began during the American war, and closed with the Union in the year 1800. "The progress of the story," to use his own words, "brings into view every variety of incident. Now armed batalllons move across the field in brilliant array-and now we follow peasants in their biding places among the hills. At one moment we are in the heat of the battle-and then alone on the field at night, listening to the wail of a mother over her son. Now the narrative jeads us to the floor of parliament, watching till midnight the stormy debate-then to the courtroom where the young and ardent patriot is on trial for his life-and next we see him, attended

with one or two other extracts which present a favorable specimen of the manner of the author.

The plot was out. The conspirators were The plot was out. The conspirators were it prison. Their papers had been seized. The fatal secret was known,—that the night of the 23d of May was fixed for the insurrection. On the 23d, Lord Castlerensh came into the Parliament House with the appalling message, that the next day the storm of war would burst upon the island. The spirit of the Commons rose with danger. They threw bach the threat of insurrection with de-fiance. To show their loyalty, they marched in a body to the Castle to pledge the Lord Lieutenant that they would stand by him to the last. No words can describe the state of Dublin at

this period. There was treason in the capital—"Committees were frequently discovered in deberation; blacksmiths were detected in the act theration; blacksmiths were detected in the act of making pikes; and sentinels were frequently fired at, or knocked down at their posts. Immense quantities of pikes and other arms were seized in different parts of the city." It was said that the houses of obnoxious persons had been marked—No man was said. Neighbors shunned each other. Masters were afraid of their servants. It was known that a greet number had taken the oath—fiven the cervant of the Lord Mayor was found to be implicated in the conspiracy. He had engaged to admit his confederates into the house at dead of night. The most loyal citizen knew not but there

the streets. The cavalry rattled over the pament. Cannon were dragged to the outposts of the city. Dabin is defended on its north and south sides by broad and deep canals. The troops were posted in strong force on all the bridges. A day or two after, they were fortified by gates and pallandes. The troops lay down on their arms.— The night was passed in anxious suspense. The capital breathed heavily. But its tranquility was not disturbed. The vigorous measures of repres-sion preserved Dublin from an outbreak at this me and throughout the war.
While these fearful preparations were going

on, the face of nature seemed strangely in con-trast with the human passions that raged above it. The beautiful month of May was melting into the warm, blue Summer. The earth had come forth in blessoms and in flowers. The island had put on its rote of spring, unconscious that its beauty was so soon to be stained with blood. It was re-marked by all that the weather was unusually serene. The sky was without a cloud, an omen which the people interpreted as the blessing of Heaven on their cause; and some who were strong in faith prophesied that no more rain should fall

until Ireland was free.

The plot had been to selecthe mail coaches coming out of Dublin, on all the great routes, and thus cut off communications between the capital and the country. The barning of these was to be the signal of insurrection to the whole kingdom Already for some nights fires had been seen burning on the Wicklow Mountains, which were evi-dently intended as signals to the insurgents. were then at the first push to attack a large of troops which lay seven miles south of Dublin. At the same moment, a rising was to take place within the capital. Silently assembling in lanes and alleys, armed with place and other weapons, at a given signal, they were to move to the assault. One party was to attack Newgate, and rescue Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the other state prisoners. Two bodies, advancing on the Castle, were to assault it at once, in front and rear. A select party provided with ladders was to mount to the chambers, and seize the Lord ieutenant. The privy council were to be secured their own houses. Thus the Rebellion would their own houses.

the master of the Government at a blow.

The plan was well laid, and could it have been carried out with courage and secrecy, might have proved successful. But the Government had been rised of all their plans, and acted with a promptness which disconcerted the insurgents — Still the appointment of the 93d of May was ob-served in many places, particularly in the county f Kildare.

of Kildare.

On that night few of the inhabitants retired to rest. Weapons were brought forth from places of concealment. Persants took their departure from the cabin door with stealthy steps. Along the cads was heard the tread of hurrying feet.

A few hours saw collected a large body of armed en, grim warriers, who had never stood before battle array,—gaunt figures on which hunger and oppression had done their work. Some came shouldering a rusty firelock, some trailing an old blunderbuss, but most armed with long, deadly pikes. Over their ranks fluttered a green flag. It was the flag of Ireland.

It was about midnight that the insurgents as-sembled. Their blood was not suffered to cool before they were led to battle. Two towns were attacked that night. Prosperous was carried by by surprise. The barrack was set on fire. A de-tachment of militia perished by the flames, and by the pikes of the insurgents. The Captain is said to have been unusually severe in the infilesaid to have been unusually severe in the infliction of military executions, and to have fallen by the hand of a man whose house he had burned.

At Nass another party had nearly stolen on the

town, when a dragoon came galloping in with the alarm, the drum heat to arms, and the attack was

In the course of a few days a number of actions had been tought, but too detached for us to follow. Acting without concert, and in confused low. Acting without concert, and in confused masses, the insurgents were generally defeated. But they cut off several small bodies of troops, and took some arms and ammunition. They obstructed the roads so that for a week no mail arrived in the capital. They carried Maynooth—They surprised a military party at Danboyne, within eight miles of Dublin. The result, too, in several combats, was such as to inspire them with confidence. At Kilcullen a body of rebels had taken post about the Church. General Dandas tode up with a troop of forty horsemen, and with out waiting for his infantry, dashed upon them—But the Irish pikes proved more than a match for But the Irish pikes proved more than a match for the horse and his rider. The cavalry recoiled.— Again, they rushed to the shock. Again horses fell backward, and riders rolled from their saddles. At the third charge the troop was almost wholly destroyed. Two Captains and twenty two privates were killed on the spot, and ten so hadly wounded that most of them died soon after. This little affair did much to remove the terror which the is surgents at first had felt of the charges of cavair

Though these actions were small, they spread universal consternation. Every man trembled inder agence of insecurity. Men on horseback were shot at from behind hedges. Often in a light were shot at from behind heages. Attendarian and anothing the median were seen stealing about the residences of the centry. The sky was reddened with conflagrations. Loyalists, who remained in the country, were obliged to bolt and bar, and garrison their houses. Others fled from their houses, and sought safety in the towns. Small military was descrited, that the troops might con-

and songer takety in the towns. Shar initiary posts were descrited, that the troops might concentrate in large bodies.

But the county of Kildare was unfavorable to this guerilla warfare. No mountains guard it from oach. No wild fastnesses hide the peasant from his fee. Among the hills, climbing among rocks, and darting into the thick forest, the peasant rocks, and darting into the tolks brest, the peasant was the equal of the soldier. But the extensive plains of Kildare present no defense against an army. They lie close to the capital, and were of course easily overrun. Troops of cavalry scoured the country. Hundreds laid down their arms. he country. Hundreds laid down their arms.— Still a band under the heroic Ayimer kept the icld, and by retreating rapidly, now to the bog of Alica, and now to the Wicklow Mountains, they capt the standard of rebellion adoat. This very and was the last that surrendered in the war, and then only on the promise of a general amnesty.

ENCAMPMENT ON VINE AR RILL. The first rising was headed by a Catholic priest, whose name soon became famous. Father John Murphy was the son of a farmer. He had been educated at Seville in Spain. He now spread the slarm of war by lighting a fire on a hill which was answered from a distance. A band of insurgents answered from a distance. A band of insurgents soon collected around him, with which he took post on the hill of Oulart. A detachment of 110 picked men of the North Cork militia marched to attack them. The terror which they had struck into the poor peasantry left them not a doubt that they should easily scatter the rebels with great standard. They fixed two volleys and charged slaughter. They fired two volleys and charged furiously up the hill. The Irish were seized with a panic at this first onset of regular troops, and a panie at this first onset of regular troops, and broke their ranks and fied. Father John flew to their head, shouting that troops were alvancing also from the other side of the hill—that they were surrounded—that there was no retreat—they must by soldiers, marching to the place of execution with slow step and muffled drum."

We give below the account of the detection of the plot to take Dublin and the Rising in Kildare with one or two other extracts which present a with one or two other extracts which present a limiter heavy of insurcents had been

mense. A similar body of insurrents had been defeated that day on another hill a few miles off, and had these too been scattered, they would parhaps have dispersed to their bomes, and the rebul-lion been crushed in the bud. But this success gave them considence. It blew up their enthu-siasm. As they saw the uniforms of more than a hundred dend soldiers scattered over the hill, every peasant felt strong in his courage and in his trusty pike. The tidings flow fast. Fires blazed from the bills. The insurrection spread in all quarters.

The military who had been so merciless to the people had now their turn to fear. The men who had escaped were pale with terror, as they told of the savage ferocity with which the robels fought. They found that it was one thing to tie up an Irish peasant and whip him in their barracks, and quite another to meet him when "his foot was on his antive heath," when his arm was free, and a pike in his hard. At Gorey the whole population, troops and all, abandoned the town, and fled for their lives. Many came to the priests for protection, and thinking that their only safety was in becoming Catholics, begged to be baptized. To the bands of the priests, be it said, that their interforence saved many lives. To the panie which this battle caused, is to be referred more than one dis-

with loud shouts advanced to the attack. They soon penetrated the town, which they set on fire. The troops at the gates were forced to fall back to the bridge. Here they maintained a most obsti nate defence. Some idea of the severity of the engagement may be formed from the fact that one company fired forty rounds each man. But the river at this time was low, and by wading up to the middle, and some of them up to the neck, the in Hank. The town was set on lire on the eastern side of the river. The order was given to retreat was now horror in the town. and children, mothers carrying their infants their backs, fled through the burning streets. This terrified multitude poured forth on the road to Wexford, fourteen miles to the south. Happily ey were not pursued, and succeeded in making

The rebels, too content with their victory to chase the flying foe, now set about establishing an entrenched camp. The town of Enniscorthy lies at the foot of a lofty eminence, called Vinegar Itil. As the setting sun fell across the landscape, thousands of armed peasants might be seen climb-ing up the hight. As this was the center of their

operations for the rest of the war, we may mount the hill with them, and take a look at their camp. On the summit stood an old windmill, which they converted into a guard-house for prisoners. On the tower they planted the green flag of Ire-land, which floated in full view of the country for miles around. Along the edge of the hill they threw up an intrenchment, on which they planted a few cannon. Sentinels were stationed around the hill, and videts along the roads. The bell of the Church of Enniscorthy, which had been taken down, was swung between two beams to mark the hours for changing guard, and to strike the alarm in case of a surprise.

The appearance of the encampment was motley enough. A few white tents dotted the field, under which their chiefs lay down to rest. But the people slept under the open sky. From this exposure ey suffered little as the weather was uncom menly mild. In such a promiscuous multitude no great discipline could be preserved. Such was the want of order that many, who lay down by their arms at night, missed them in the morning. fordon relates—what I hope for the honor of my horses is not true—that "often, when a rebel was in a sound sleep, he was robbed by some associate of his gun, or other article at that time valuable, so that many, to prevent stealing, had to sleep flat on their bellies, with their hat and shoes tied der their breasts.

In the day time the camp was thronged with a multitude of women, who came to bring provisions to their husbands and brothers. All ages were collected, old men with grey beards, leaning on the long pike as on a staff and young men, as brave lads as ever shipped across a bog, or danced on the village green by moonlight. Men and boys lay about sprawling on the ground, or were colected in groups talking over the fortunes o war, or listening to some belligerent priest who had take the command to fight the good fight in a iteral sense.

There were many priests in the camp, and they ad great influence over the wild peasantry. Mass was performed as regularly as the morning parade. Sermons were preached to inflame the religious sermors were presented to intame the religious fanaticism of the people, and assure them that they had engaged in a holy war. One priest declared in a sermon, "That God Almighty befriended them in all their operations for the attainment of liberty; and that the whole of the business was as visibly his work, as that of dividing the Pad Sea by Moses." The Irish derived great the Red Sea by Moses." The Irish derived grea the Red Sea by Moses. The Irisa derived great confidence from the presence of their priests, for they believed them possessed of almost mirac-ulots power. They said, "Father John Murphy caught red hot bullets in his hand." Another

priest took bullets out of his pocket, and assured the people that they had hit him in battle in dif-ferent parts of his body, and that they could not do him any injury. The Irish thought that they would derive a part of this security from being blessed by a priest. They had especial venera-tion for Father Keane, a little, gray headed old tion for Father Keane, a little, gray headed old man, commonly called "the blessed priest of Ban-He constantly visited the rebel camp. He rode on a pony, which was led by two pikemen, who cried out with a lond voice, "Make way for the blessed priestof Bannow." The crowd fell on who cried out with a none voice, the blessed priest of Bannow." The crowd fell on their knees, and asked his blessing. He distributed a great many little scapulars to the rebels, assuring them that with these on, a ball from a heretic gun could do them no more injury than a pea. Often they knelt down, kiased the ground and crossed themselves. Then rising up, they were in an instant in all the tunult of war. Again they were around their camp lives, cooking a they were around their camp bres, cooking a soldier meal, or drinking success to the Irish Re-public. Shouts of victory rang round. Nor was music wanting to complete the pomp and circum-stance of war. Often was their patriotic ardor kindled with sound of fife and drum. Then some stentorian voice burst into a song to their new born while thousends joined in the chorus of Erin matourneen, Erin gobragh,

IMPRISONMENT OF SAMPSON

The fate of Sampson was still more remarkable. From the day that he was thrown into prison, his constant demand had been for a trial. As he had taken no part in the plots against the Government
—as he was not even a United Irishman—he knew ashe was not even a United Irishman—he knew nothing could be proved against him. Probably the Government knew so too, and did not care to bring to trial one whose acquittal would cover them with confusion. When the agreement with the Government was proposed, be had no personal interest in it whatever, for his life was in no danger. But with the generosity which made a part of his character, he instantly sacrificed himself to save the lives of others. He engaged to go into exile, on condition that the military executions, which were decimating his countrymen, should cease. As his health was declining in prison, he was released before the others on condition of cease. As his health was declaiming in prison, he was released before the others on condition of going to Portugal. He embarked, and three days after was shipwrecked on the coast of Wales.—
Here he found himself an object of suspicion and almost of terror, from the impressions which were abroad of the Irish revolutionists. Even his name conveyed to their minds the idea of a being capa. conveyed to their minds the idea of a being capa-ble of great destruction. A military officer wrote to London to ask how he should treat this dan-gerous character, and received directions "to ob-serve, but not to molest him." After his long con-linement he found an exhilaration in the free mountain air. He rambled over the rocks of the country, and the toil of the day made welcome the bright fire and the frugal evening meal. "We had a clean fire side, and that cordial pleasure which arises from past toil. We had a piper to which arises from past toil. We had a piper to play to us at dinner, and we danced to his music in the evening. The simple Welsh were kind and hospitable, and when they had got over the dread of so terrible a personage, manifested a sincere attachment for him, so that it was with a feeling of regret that, after a detention of eight weeks, he bade adieu to their mountains to resume his voyage.

At Oporto he again met with kindness. An English merchant, to whom he brought letter, with that generous hospitality which the English know so well how to render, welcomed him to his heart and home. In the novel scenes of a strange country he found much to amuse him, and he was beginning to lead a quiet and pleasant life, when he was surprised one day by the visit of an officer with a party of armed men, who seized him and his servant, and commenced a search for papers, turning his baggage upside down, and shaking out every article of lines in the hope of finding some concealed writing. The interpreter told him that he was arrested by order of the English minister, ne was arrested by order of the English minister, on account of something he was supposed to be writing. His papers he gave up without hesitation, and was conducted to the house of the Cortegider. Here he was lodged in the style which became a prisoner of state. He had a large audience hall to himself, furnished with a guard, and seven or eight servants to wait at breakfast and dinner. His poor servant meanwhile was thrown amid the malefactors in irons below, Trough afterward, at his entreaty, allowed to come into the same room with himself.

But what this sudden and strange imprisonment was for, was a mystery. The guards about him conversed freely on every other subject but this. At first they told him that he had been arrested by orders from the King of England. Then they said that the Queen of Portugal did not like him Meanwhile couriers went and returned from Lia bon ; and he was told that his fate depended on the

news they brought.

It was now proposed to him to go to Lisbon,
where it was said he should see the English and Pertuguese ministers, and be set at liberty. His riend advised him to accode to this arrangement, as the most speedy way of coming to an explana-tion with the authorities. He accordingly prepared to set all the next morning. As soon as he was called up, he looked out of the window, and percalled up, he lossed out of the window, and per-cuived an armed escort standing before the door. The prospect was dismal enough, but to an Irish-man nothing comes amiss, and he found much to an use him on the journey. A variety of travelers joined their party, so that they formed quite a cara-van. Two Dominican friars were of the company, with whom he talked Latin. A troupe of Italian comedians-comprising men and women-tish-carriers earrying cels to some Hidalgo, a mulatto woman following her husband, a soldier, to Lis-bon, and a poor barefooted Gallego, going to seek for work, who danced and sang before them the netween two nules, and it was everywhere given out that he was a grandee going to the Minister of State. His servant jogged beside him on a nule. Thus in a hind of ridiculous pomp, and with many a merry laugh, they traveled along the

At length, after seven days' journey, the towers of Lisbon rose in sight. Friars and comedians took their leave, and Sampson entered the capital, attended only by his guard. They filed through long streets, and at last drew up before a dark, from ling wall that looked like a fortress. The windows were grated with iron, through which mourn-ful captives were looking at this new visitor.— Where washe? What was this? But he had no time to ask questions. Descending from his litter, he was led through long, dreary passages a bolt was drawn, a heavy iron door swung open, and he was once more the occupant of a dark, noiseme cell. He was in the Inquisition!

His situation was now more gloomy than ever. He could hear no friendly voice. The only sounds which reached his ear were the rattling of bolts, he clanking of chains, or the echo of some footalong the passages of the prison. Here were thieves and murderers, and prisoners of state men who had committed all crimes, and men who were durgeous where captives languished, and sighed in vain for liberty. Here men had grown odd. Here they had lived till they had forgotten their very names. Here too he might be left to

wear away life till his hair had grown gray. Strange to tell, one of his predecessors in this very cell had been an American Captain, William Atkinson from Philadelphia. Sampson found his name written on the wall with a pencil. He had been secretly confined here for some time, for purchasing a barrel of powder which belonged to the public stores. At length, when his money was gone, and he could no longer fee his jailers, they bethought themselves to inquire whathe was put in for, and finding the trilling nature of the arge, they let him go. Sampson would have had no anxiety in regard

to himself, had he known what accusation was to be brought sgainst him. But the mystery with which he was surrounded excited his worst fears. e strongly suspected that foul play was intended, and that it was instigated by those who had persecuted him in his own country. All about him intained the most impenetrable secrecyeither from his jailers, nor from the officers of olice, could be obtain the least clue to the crime ith which he was charged, nor to his probable fate. At one time a French Captain, wi prisoner of war, passing the door of his cell, whispered through the keyhole, to tell him to arm himself with coursee, for it was said that it was he who had made the revolution in Holland. At another time he heard, that he was to be sent on board an English ship of war to be transported to a prison chip at Gibraltar.

He soon obtained some mitigation of his hard captivity. He was transferred to a large room, where he had the company of a young Danish nobleman. They were introduced to each other as two grandees of different countries, but for the present under a common misfortune. an officer of the Police came to the prison with his papers, and in presence of the jailer delivered them safely into his hand. He found them all is if they had served for references, and from certain appearances, Sampson thought sy had recently come from England. Still there earn talk of his liberation. The mystery of his

situation seemed to grow darker. One night he was disturbed by the arrival of officers of the Police, who desired him to enter a carriage.—Whither he was going he knew not. The night was clear, and the commanding officer endeavored to amuse him by pointing out objects of interest as they rode through the streets, perhaps to divert the prisoner's thoughts from the treachery of his keepers. The carriage stopped before another prison, and he was immeriately locked up in a foul, dark hole, which looked more like the den of a wild beast than a place for the confinement of any human creature. It was a dungeon about as large as the inside of a coach. A faint glimmer of light peered through a small orifice pierced in a vall many feet thick. Even this narrow aperture was partly closed by an iron grate. In this stifling cavern he was left to punder on the fate that was probably before him. But in his darkest hour he probably before him. But in his darkest hour he had one alleviation, in the attendance of his faithful servant. This noble fellow never murmured at his own lot. All his regrets were for the hard-ships of his master. His jailers, who were not moved by pity gene-

rally were by money, and a timely present now obtained his transfer to a large room, from which be had a view of the sea. This was a great re-lief to his solitary hours. It was a happiness even to lock upon the conding waters, for they at least were free. He would sit by the window for hours, watering the ships of different nations going to sea, or returning from their voyages, and for a time forget the gloomy walls around him Like a true Iriahman, he found consolation also in the eyes of some fair schorites which were bent upon him from across the street. Drawing them to the window by an air on his flute, he contrived signals by which he commenced a harmless Sirtation with these Portuguese maidens, who might be supposed to look with pity on the serrows of a captive knight. He wrote billets and shot them ever the walls with a bow and arrows, and was rewarded with glances from the young schoritas in spite of a watchful father and a harsh duenna.
In the yard of the prison there was a gate which

led down to the sen. Through this he had often seen files of convicts led away, secured cach by an iron ring about his neck, and by this to an Iron bar which held all together in a row. The day of deliverance at length came, and he was ordered on board a ship to be sent out of the country on board a ship to be sent out of the country.—
Through this gloomy gate he was conducted like a convict to the place of embarkation, and waving his hand as a farewel to the pitying maidens, he bade adieu to the land of his captivity.

THE EMPIRE STATE.

Northern New-York Condition and Progress -Ratironds and Villages-Agriculture and

Correspondence of The Pribune

Lowerner, Friday, April 11. Northern New York, a section of the State rich in resources and growing in importance, has been coked upon as a remote and almost distinct Commonwealth by many in the Southern part of the State, and is but little known even in the City .-A visit to the Northern Counties is sufficient to remove the erroneous bleas entertained in regard to their importance and their great agricultural and mineral interests. There are nowhere in the State better opportunities for investment than in the Northern Counties, which require only the introduction of capital to call into activity and stimulate that which is already here.

There is everywhere a steady, substantial increase in wealth, improvement in appearance, and solis building up of the interests of the saveral Counties. The old difficulties in the way of rapid and pleasurable travel, as well as the obstacles which prevented cheap and rapid transportation to and from the great markets, are fast disappearing. Numerous Plank Roads have been conpearing. Numerous Plank Roads have been con-structed on almost all the principal highways— the old and tedious journey from Utica to Canton or Ogdensburgh, 130 miles or more, being now made over well built Plank Roads, which have branch roads in various directions. The highway from Rome to Watertown is furnished with a well constructed Plank Road, which connects by side roads with Sackets Harbor, and the Utice and Ogdensburgh roads at Antwerp.

The long delayed and slowly progressing com-pletion of the Black River Canal, affords another element of prosperity, chiefly at present to the north of Oneida, Lewis, and a part of Jefferson Counties. The advantages to be enjoyed in Lewis County for manufacturing establishments, tanneries, and lumbering, are becoming more known and fully appreciated by capitalists, a number of whom have within two years put up

large catablishments at various points on the Mose and other rivers.

Railroads, however valuable canals and plank roads may be, must eventually become necessary for the increasing business of the Northern States.

The Rome and Watertown Railroad, which will be completed inevitably benefiting the soon be completed, inevitably benefiting the country, will find enough business to keep it profitably employed. The Northern Railroad, profitably employed. The Northern Railroad, from Ogdensburgh to Rouse's point, running along the northern limb of the State, not far from select line is already business. These tv o roads will, necessarily very few years, be connected by a road from Watertown to Ogdensburgh-a junction to be desired, and realized at an early day.

Watertown and Sackett's Harbor, Carthage and Saratoga are to be connected by a railroad from Lake Ontario to Saratoga, bisecting on its west-ern part the region known as "John Brown's Tract," and making the wilderness echo with the trend of the rotating feet of the iron horse and the steam whistle of the modern leviathan of locomotion and progress. In this region are locked up, within the recesses of the forest and the storehouses of Nature, which need but to be opened, immense treasures of mineral wealth are to be examined within a not distant period,

there can be but little doubt.

To speak in detail of the villages of Northern New-York, or of its resources, would domand more of your space than you can spare. Water-town, in Jefferson County, is a noble inland town. Its prosperity is not surpassed by any place of the size in the State, while its position, and its immense advantages for water-power, and the rich sgricultural country which backs it, render it one of the most inviting and promising places in our State for investment of capital or for resi-dence. The Rome and Watertown Railroad will bring this striding place into a much closer proxcarthage, also located on the Black River, some

or the employment of machinery of every description. It is a large and prosperous village, which will become the center of a flourishing section, and be greatly benefited by the completion of the Black River Canal.

Ogdensburgh, in St. Lawrence Co., 60 miles north of Watertown, at the mouth of the Oswe-gatchie River, builds its wharves in the noble St. Lawrence. Here is the western terminus of the Northern Railroad, and the active, busy, thriving aspect of the place is in no measure contradicted by the amount of its business, its mills and mane-shops, its steamboats and its railroad cars. The country surrounding is rich, and feels the im

The Northern Hailroad, since its opening on the 26th of last September, has done a handsome business. There have been 100,000 barrels of flour on storage in the ample depots at Ogdens-burgh at one time. Of the road itself, terms of the highest commendation may be used—for build, smoothness, straightness and management it will compare with any road in the State. Un-SCHLATTER, its affairs are in a prosperous condi-tion, and its value enhanced by the prompitude with which the cars are minuted at the different

stations. The agricultural interests of this part State must chiefly lie in the grazing and dairy business. Grain is raised for consumption, not for exportation, while butter, cheese, &c. are exported in immense quantities. For this branch business the northern Counties are well adapted, and the numerous extensive dairies of Lewis, Jefferson, St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties are evidences of the extent to which it is carried on. A gentleman of Turin, in Lewis County, bore off the State premium of \$50 for

otter, at the Fair in 1849. The geological features of Northern New-York are extremely interesting, and were not this comunivation already longer than I designed, would They will afford matter future reference. The mineral riches of this con, the valuable and inexhaustible beds of ron of superior quality, with the timber, &c. may spoken of hereafter. The direction every ere is "onward," and a few short years will ot fail to show unmistakable fruits of the present